

GOLD

BUGS BUNNY

12c



BUGS BUNNY

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MARCH



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BUGS BUNNY



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BUGS B. #116-68

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.



BUT, NOT LONG AGO, NATIVES BEGAN BRINGING IN REPORTS THAT THERE IS A STRANGE LITTLE MAN LIVING ON FOWL ISLAND ABOUT TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE!



LEGEND HAS IT THAT A SMALL BOY WAS WASHED ASHORE ON FOWL ISLAND MANY MOONS AGO AND WAS RAISED BY THE BIRDS! THAT COULD BE YOUR UNCLE!



BECAUSE FOWL ISLAND IS **TABOO!** THAT'S WHY! THERE IS NOTHING ON IT BUT STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS BIRDS!



WELL, WILL YOU GUIDE US TO FOWL ISLAND TO FIND FUDD'S UNCLE?

YEAH! WE'D LIKE TO GET STARTED WIGHT AWAY!

OH, NO! NOT ME!



FOWL ISLAND IS STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS! ALL I'LL DO IS SELL YOU A BOAT AND GIVE YOU A MAP! THEN, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



OKAY, SO SELL US THE BOAT AND WE'LL GET GOING! WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF A FEW BIRDS! RIGHT, DOC?

WIGHT! AS A FUDD, IT'S MY DUTY TO FIND MY UNCLE!



ALL RIGHT! BUT I WANT FULL PAYMENT FOR THE BOAT IN ADVANCE, JUST IN CASE YOU'RE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!



GOOD LUCK, LADS! YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT!

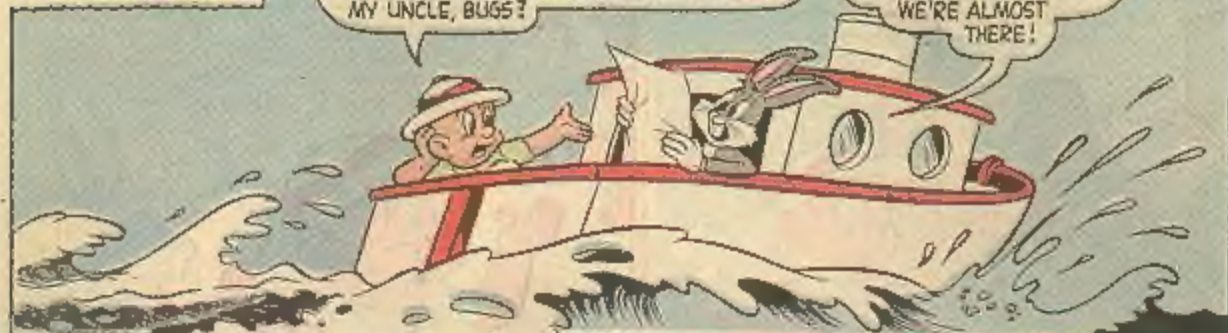
I WISH HE WOULD STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!



FOR DAYS THEY PLOW
THROUGH THE
HEAVY SEA...

GOSH! IMAGINE BEING MAWOONED ON AN
ISLAND FOR FIFTY YEARS AND BEING WAISED
BY THE BIRDS! DO YOU WEALLY THINK IT'S
MY UNCLE, BUGS?

YOU'VE GOT ME, DOC! BUT
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!
ACCORDING TO THE MAP,
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, THERE SHE IS, DOC!
THAT'S FOWL ISLAND!

YEAH! COME ON!
LET'S GO ASHORE!



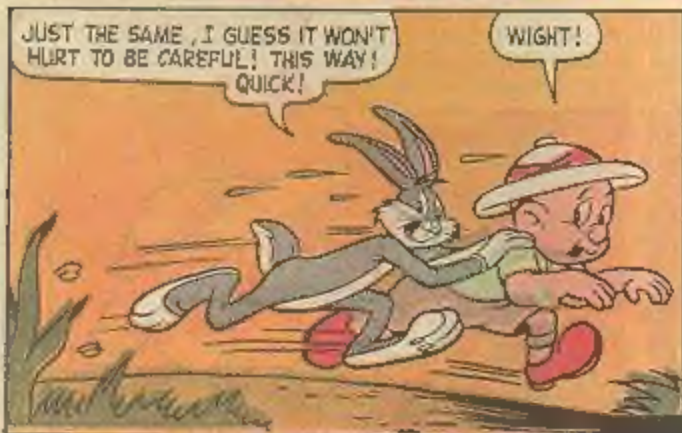
HRUMPH! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING
SO BAD ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

GOSH, NO! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE
ANY OTHER ISLAND TO ME!



JUST THE SAME, I GUESS IT WON'T
HURT TO BE CAREFUL! THIS WAY!
QUICK!

WIGHT!



SO FAR SO GOOD!
DO YOU SEE
ANYTHING?

NOPE! NOT
A THING!



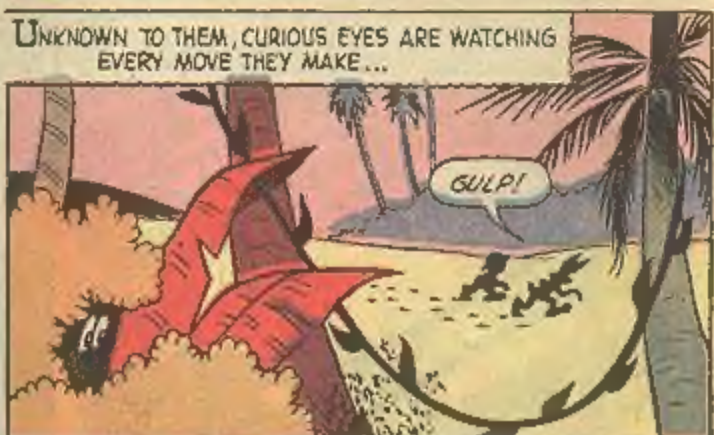
OKAY, THEN WE'LL KEEP MOVING!
BUT, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

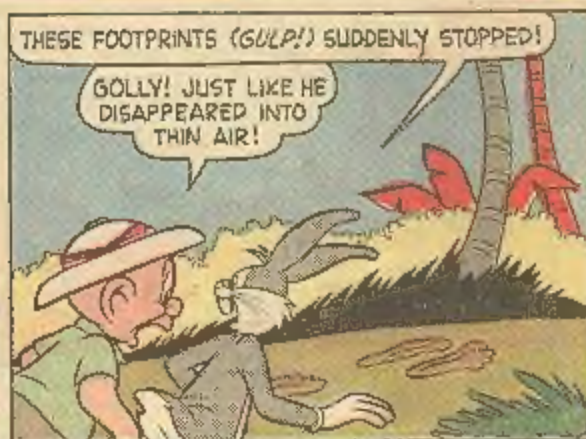
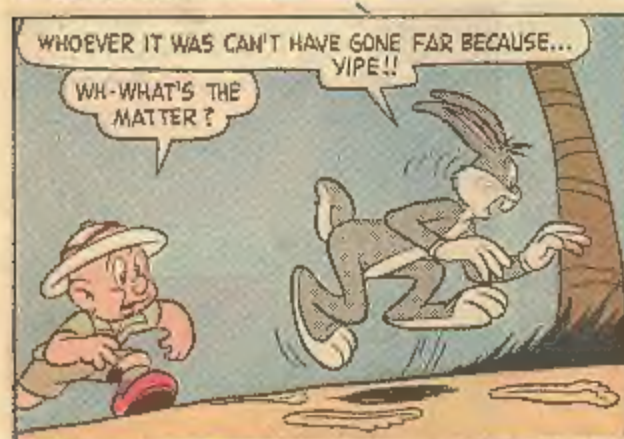
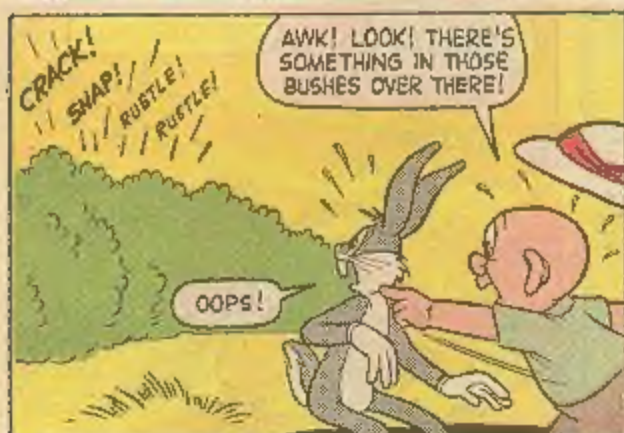
DON'T WOWWY!
I WILL!



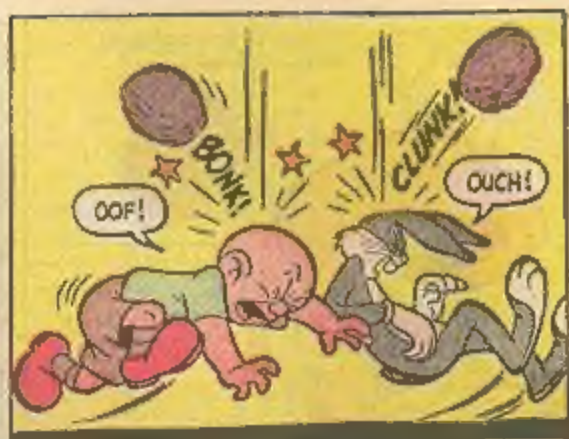
UNKNOWN TO THEM, CURIOUS EYES ARE WATCHING
EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE...

GULP!





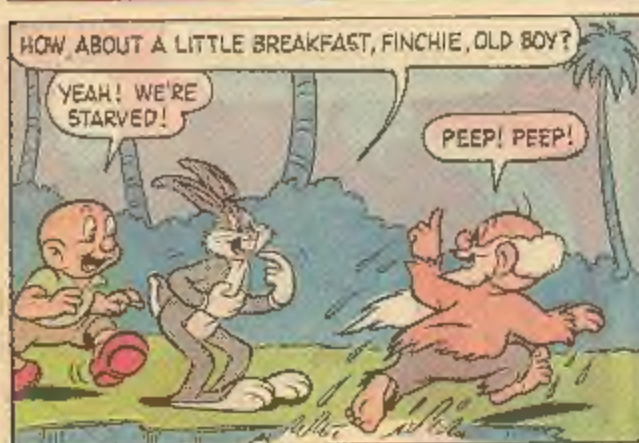
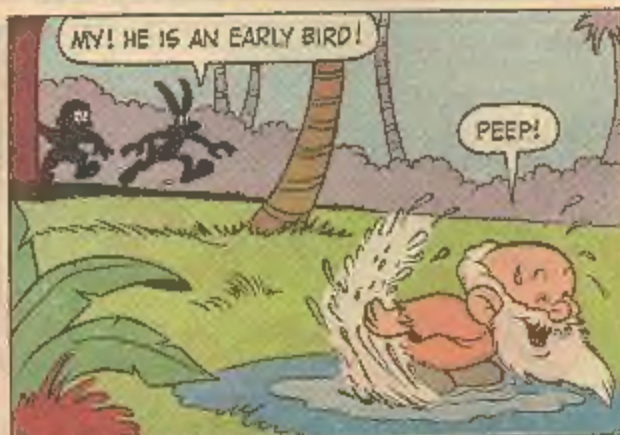


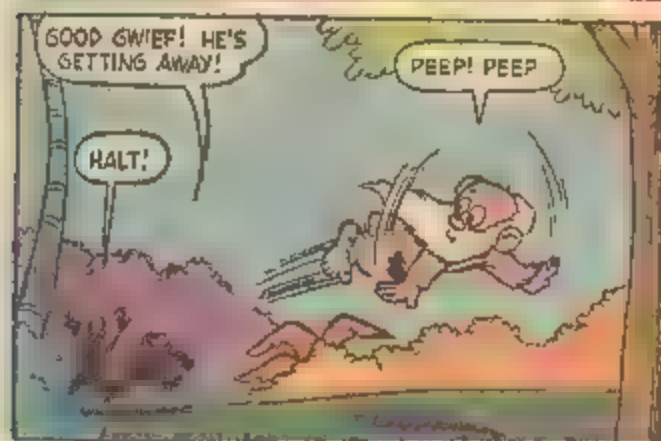
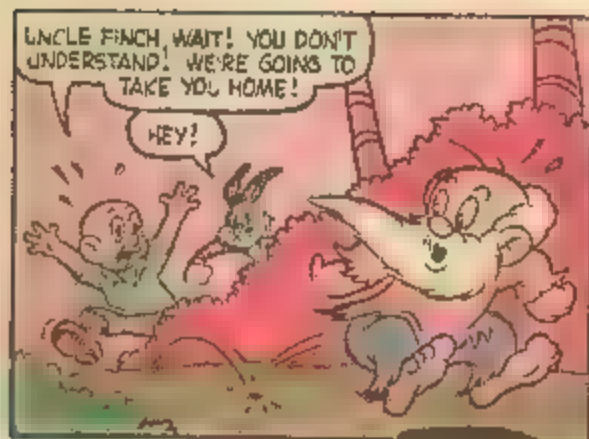


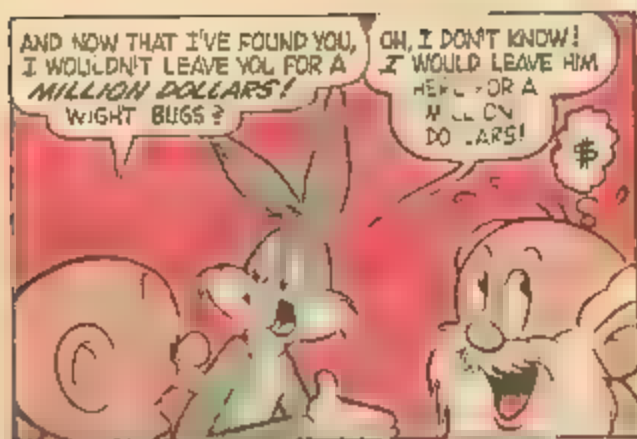




EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

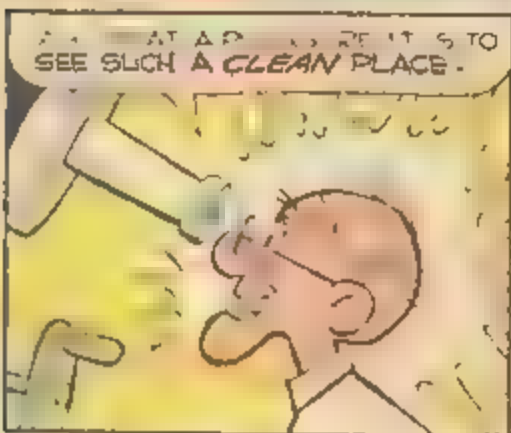
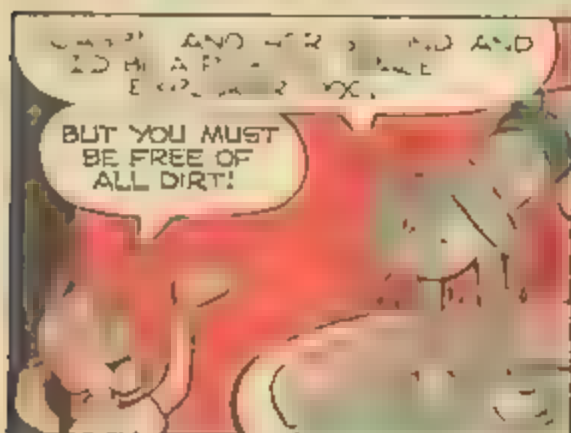




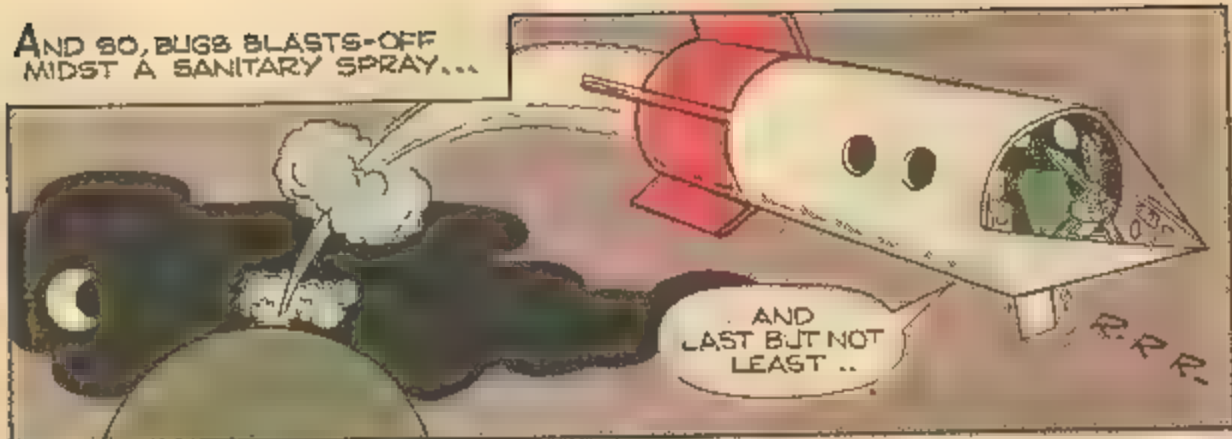


BUGS BUNNY

A HARE IN SPACE

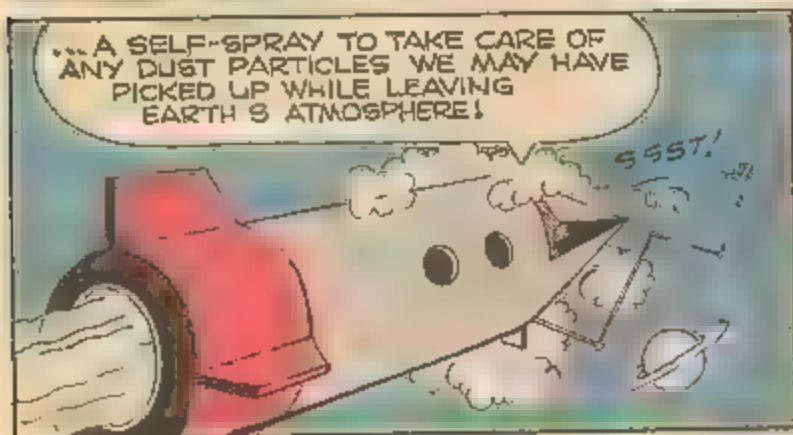


AND SO, BUGS BLASTS-OFF
MIDST A SANITARY SPRAY...

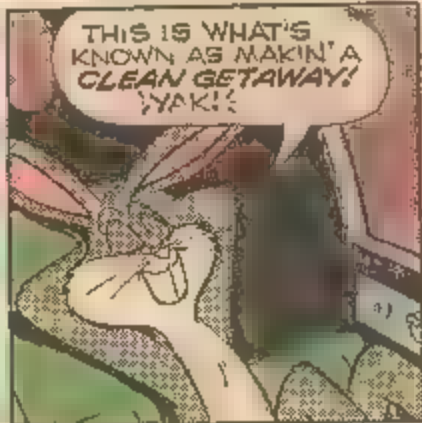


AND
LAST BUT NOT
LEAST...

...A SELF-SPRAY TO TAKE CARE OF
ANY DUST PARTICLES WE MAY HAVE
PICKED UP WHILE LEAVING
EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!



THIS IS WHAT'S
KNOWN AS MAKIN' A
CLEAN GETAWAY!
YAK!



LATER...

THERE'S *PURO!*
TIME TO TURN
THE SHIP
AROUND...



...AND SLOW IT FOR A SOFT
LANDING WITH ROCKET FIRE...

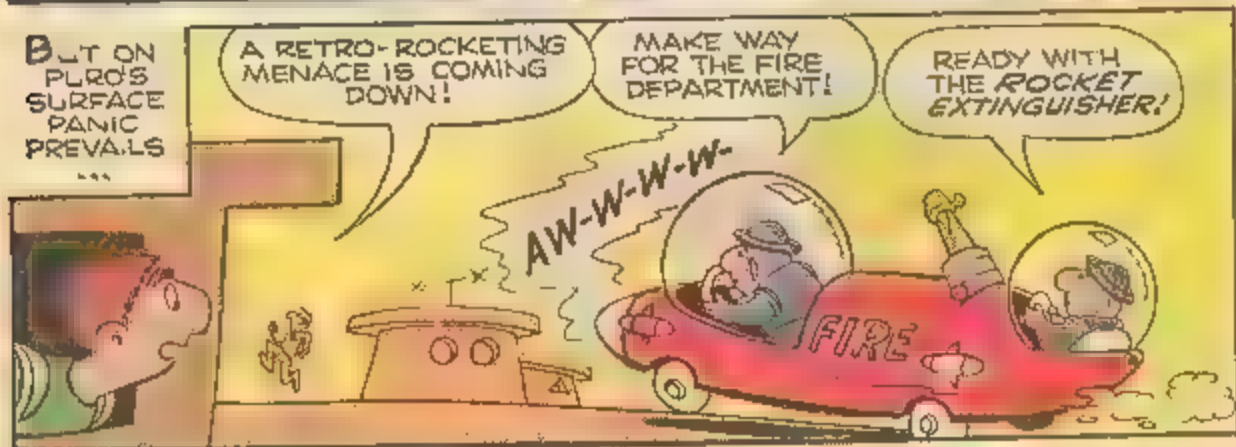


BUT ON
PURO'S
SURFACE
PANIC
PREVALES

A RETRO-ROCKETING
MENACE IS COMING
DOWN!

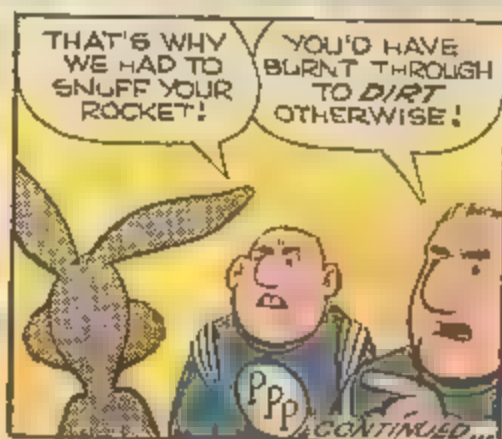
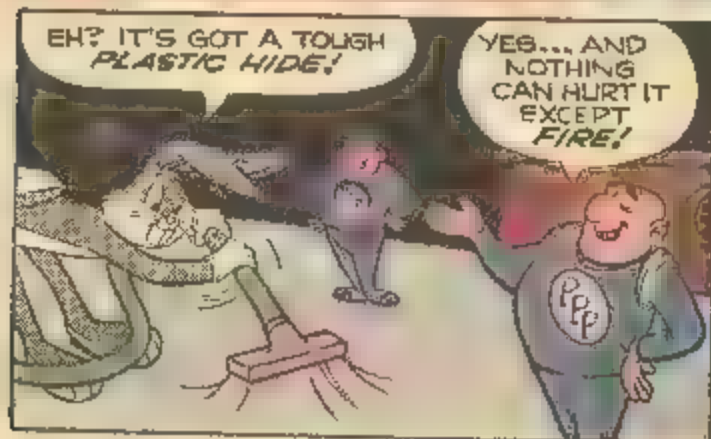
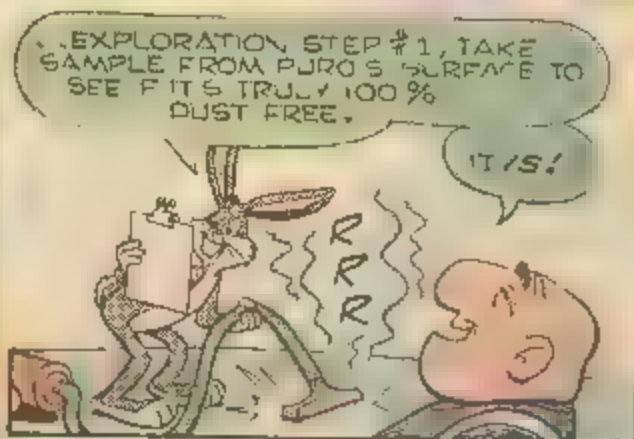
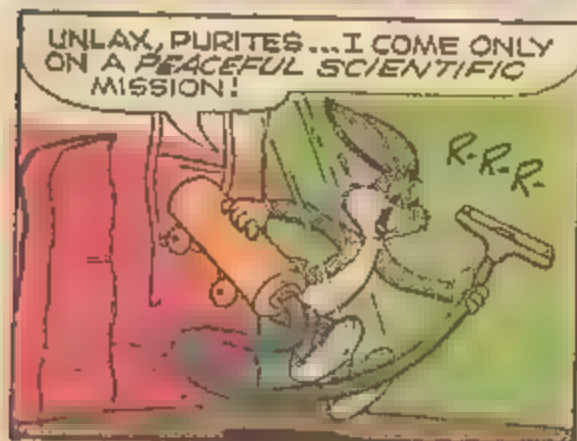
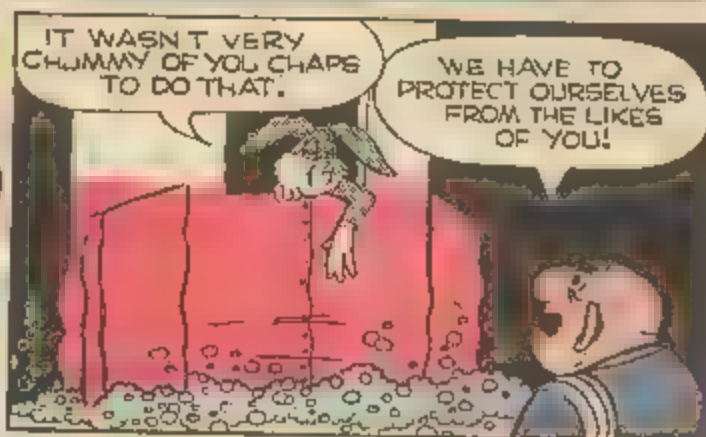
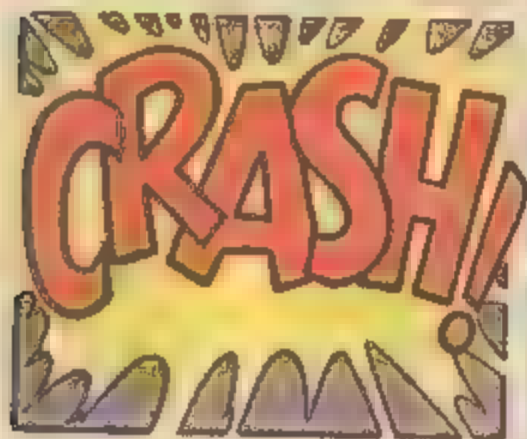
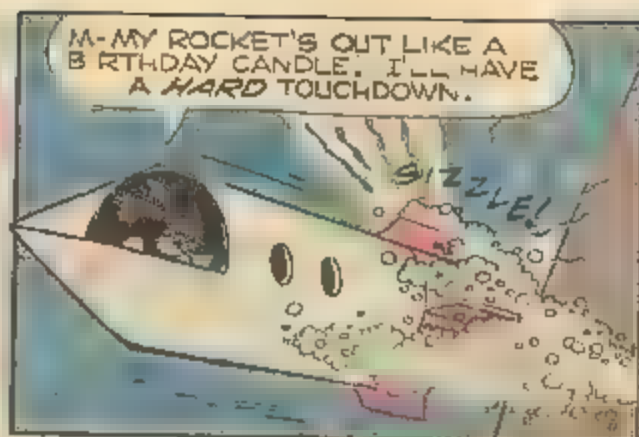
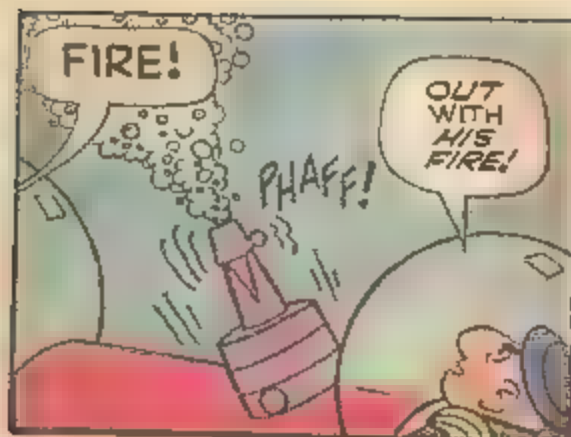
MAKE WAY
FOR THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT!

READY WITH
THE *ROCKET*
EXTINGUISHER!



AW-W-W-W-

FIRE





GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB NEWS



~~~~~ DON'T MISS AN ISSUE, OR YOU MAY MISS YOUR CONTRIBUTION. ~~~~~

## COMICS CLUB STARTS SECOND YEAR

### BIG NEWS FOR ARTISTS

Your talent is in demand! Right now our readers' pages are ready for your drawings of animals, airplanes or inventions. And in a few months, we'll suggest other subjects for you to try your hand at. Don't forget to draw in black ink on white paper for better reproduction.



Can you identify this plane? More important, can you draw it or one like it? incidentally, it's a Breguet.

### POLL TELLS ALL

Thanks for taking the time and trouble to vote in the Gold Key Comics Election. We tell you what we learned about our readers in the next issue.



The gnu makes a good subject for an artist who likes to draw animals. What else can you draw?



### MILLION-YEAR-OLD DINOSAURS COME TO LIFE

There's a new feature in the Club pages. DINOSAURIA makes its debut in this issue. Turn to this fascinating page and read about the big behemoths that stalked the earth in one million B.C.

© 1968

### CLUB CONTINUES TO GROW AS MORE READERS JOIN IN THE FUN!

Now we know where good jokes come from — our readers. So keep them coming and let everyone join in the chuckles. If you see your joke with someone else's name on it, it merely means that more than one person sent in the same joke and we received the other fellow's first. Naturally we can't print all the jokes. We'd have no pages left for comics. But any night after hours you can hear roars of laughter coming from our offices. That will be the editors still reading all your jokes. They are laughing so hard they never heard the five o'clock whistle.

#### CLUB CONTENTS:

READER'S PAGE (That's for your airplanes, animals and inventions)  
THE JOKE'S ON YOU  
MINI-COMICS  
DINOSAURIA

#### NOTE:

Contents may vary from above, due to last minute changes — but any pages omitted will be carried in the next issue.

BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper. • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually. • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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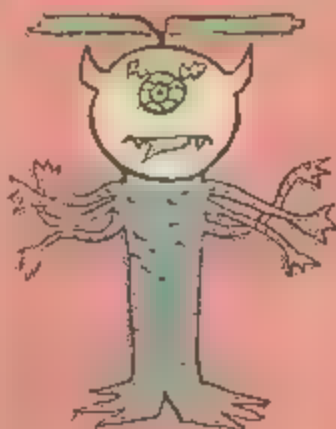


# Reader's Page

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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## ELECTRIC SPACE MONSTER



Causes lightning on planets.

Doc and Tom Garrett  
Medford, Oregon

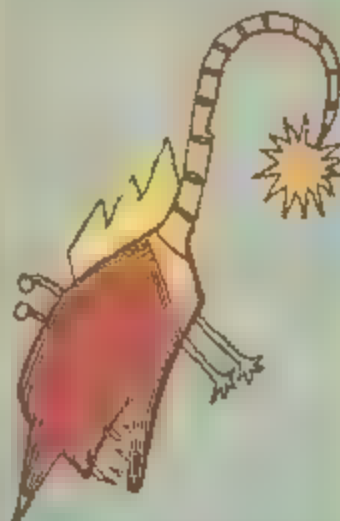
## STAMPER BEAST



Crushes buildings and cars with its  
spiked feet.

Shirley Wheeler  
Osage, Wyoming

## THE PEROSAURUS



Powerful as a herd of elephants.  
Tail knocks cowboys down.

Gregory James  
Quebec City, Canada

## SEA DEVIL



Catches ships and uses pieces  
on itself.

Stephen Rode  
St. Louis, Missouri

## WEAPON THING



Shoots gas from nose, attacks  
beasts with horns.

Glen Merritt  
Connaught, New York

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# THE JOKE'S ON YOU

## GOLD KEY KID



**Mom:** Who was that on the phone, Fred?  
**Fred:** Some lady said, "It's a long distance from London," and I said, "It sure is!"

Betty Daira, Charlotte, North Carolina

**Riddle:** What is the coldest row in the theater?  
**Answer:** Z-Row.

Andy Sydney, Van Nuys, California

**Teacher:** Kathy, why are you late coming to school?

**Kathy:** Because there was a sign that said, "School — Go Slow," so I did.

Diana Johnson, Los Angeles, California

**Scoutmaster** (watching a tenderfoot trying to cook outdoors): How are you managing, lad? Is there anything you forgot to bring?

**Tenderfoot:** Yes, my mother.

Pamela C. Wilkinson, Paramount, California

**Riddle:** What comes all the way to the door but never gets in?

**Answer:** The doorsteps.

Paul Marrel, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

**Riddle:** What should a man know before trying to teach tricks to a dog?

**Answer:** More than the dog.

Debbie Wright, St. Paul, Minnesota

**Bob:** Why do cows wear bells?

**Joe:** Because their horns won't blow.

Ricky Shelton, Morgan City, Louisiana

**Terry:** Why did your Mom knit three socks for your brother in the service?

**Larry:** Because he wrote her he'd grown another foot.

Steve Wilson, Keyser, West Virginia

**Riddle:** What did the bald man say when he received a comb for a present?

**Answer:** "I never part with it."

Debra Delorme, Copper Cliff, Ontario, Canada

**Bobby:** Would you scold anybody for something he didn't do?

**Teacher:** Of course not.

**Bobby:** Well, I didn't do my homework.

Danise Schmeltzer, Victoria, Texas

**Bob** (while Mother is doing the dishes): Will you play stick-'em-up?

**Mother:** Certainly. One step closer and you'll be stuck with the dishes.

Cheryl Stadig, Harmony, Maine

**Riddle:** What kind of clothing lasts longer than any other?

**Answer:** Underwear, for it's never worn out.

Bobby Lapsley, McKeesport, Pennsylvania

**Jim:** Can you stand on your head?

**Tim:** No, it's too high.

Delbert Stone, Tucker, Georgia

**Bill:** What would you call a tailor if you didn't know his name?

**Jill:** Mr. So-and-So, of course!

Terry Duncan, Annapolis, Maryland

**Riddle:** What's an unemployed jester?

**Answer:** Nobody's fool.

Andrew Mills, Port Washington, New York

**Teacher:** What is the last thing you take off when you go to bed?

**Tot:** My feet — off the floor.

David Elsley, Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania

**Riddle:** What would you call a sleeping bull?

**Answer:** A bulldozer.

Jacqueline Ecker, Floral Park, New York

**Riddle:** Why should secrets not be told in gardens?

**Answer:** Because the beans talk (beanstalk) there.

Teresa Hom, Houston, Texas

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# DINOSAURIA

## Styracosaurus



With seven sharp horns fronting and rimming its head, the styracosaurus was a dangerous dinosaur. Living in the Upper Cretaceous period some seventy million years ago, this nearly twenty-foot-long creature, despite its fierce appearance, was a vegetable-eater. Its teeth sat in rows and worked like scissors, cutting the plant food rather than crushing it. It traveled in large herds along the many swamps of that ancient period and wandered onto the dry, shrub-covered plateaus. Its horns, and head shield or bone "collar," marked it as one of a varied group of horned saurians.

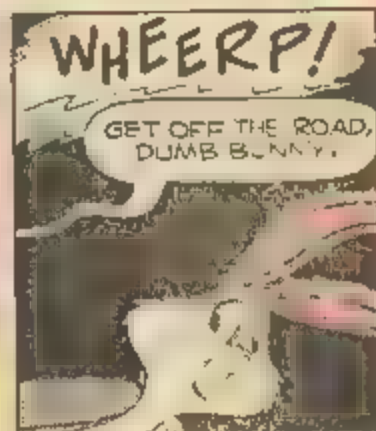
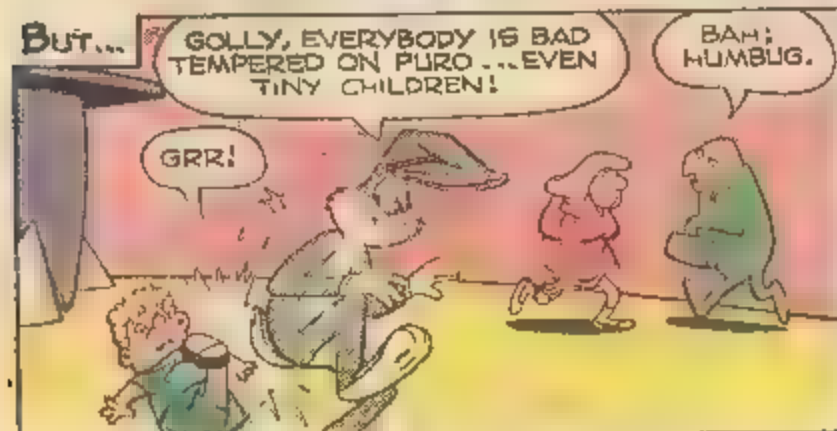
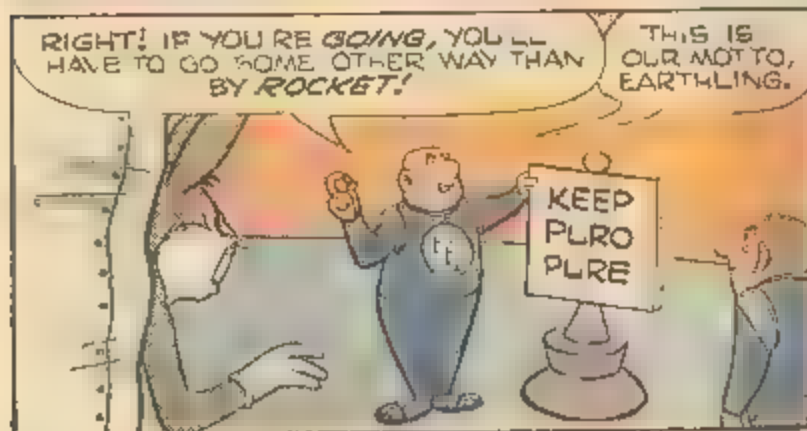
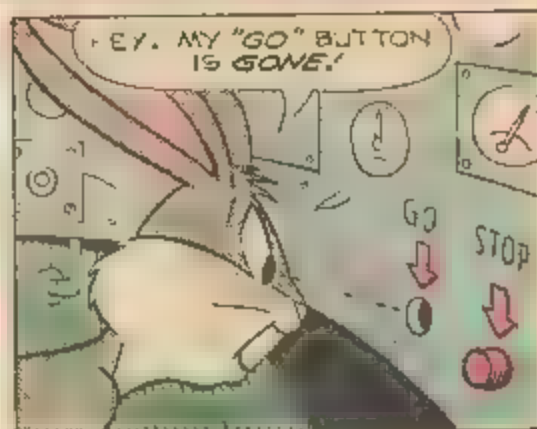
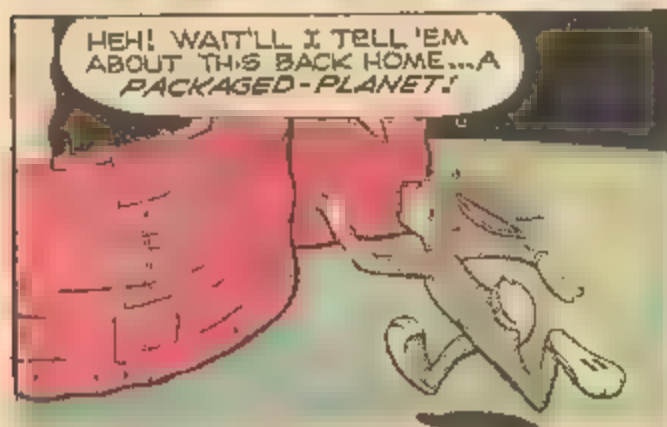
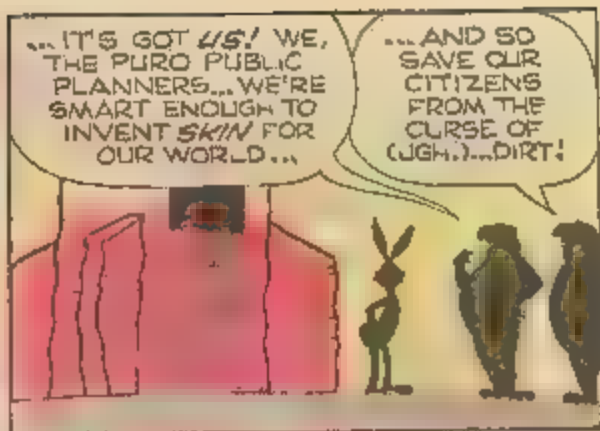
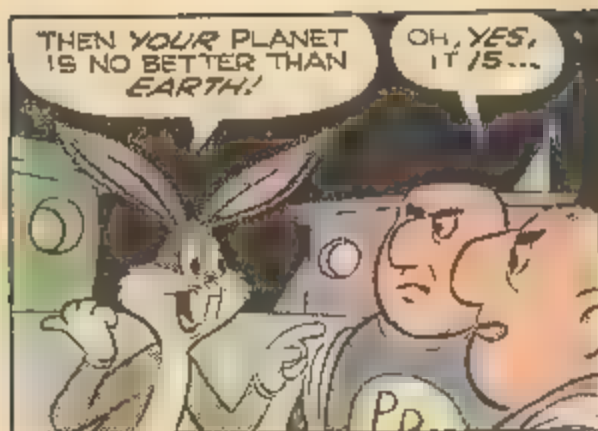


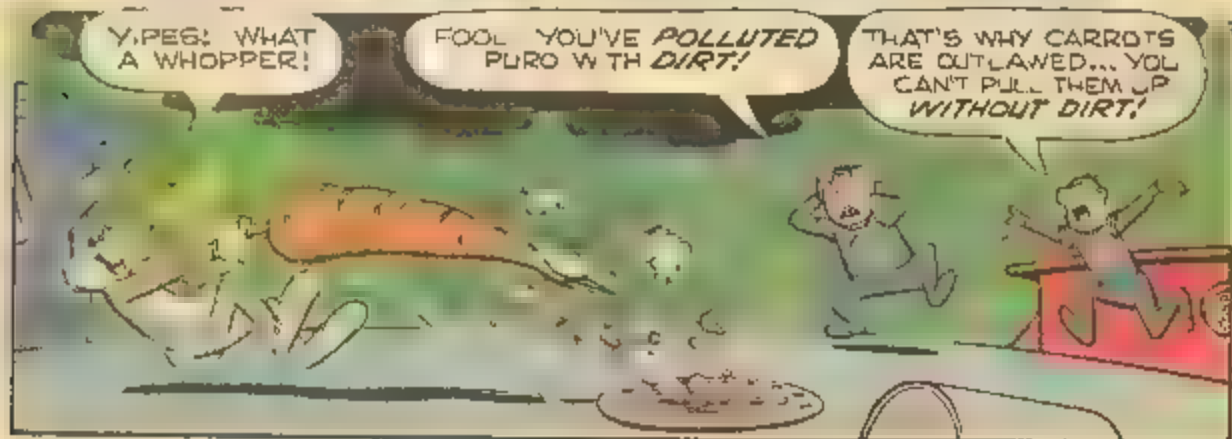
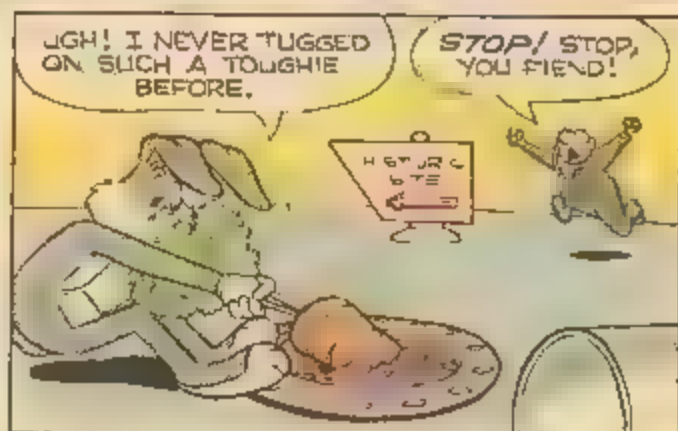
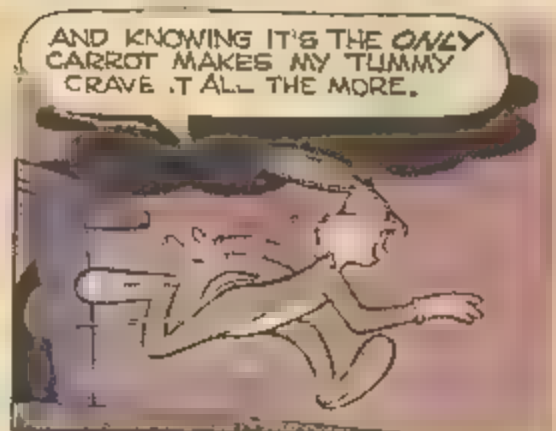
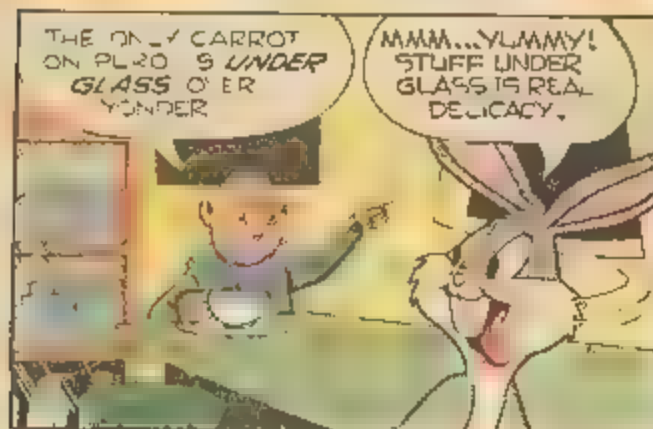
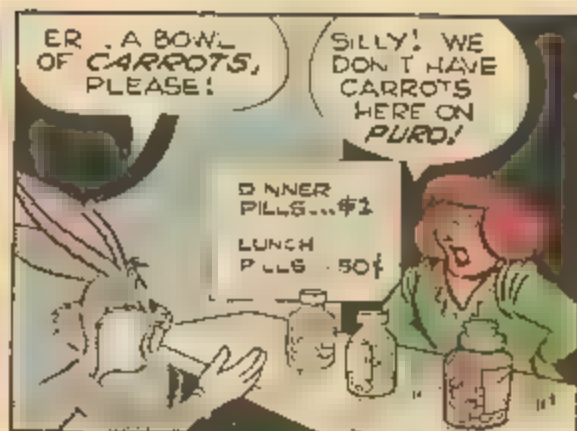
The length from the tip of the styracosaurus's nose to the end of its collar was seven feet. The spike-nasal horn rose almost two feet.



Even the mighty flesh-eaters feared the styracosaurus, for one jab or slash of its horns could tear apart its attacker.





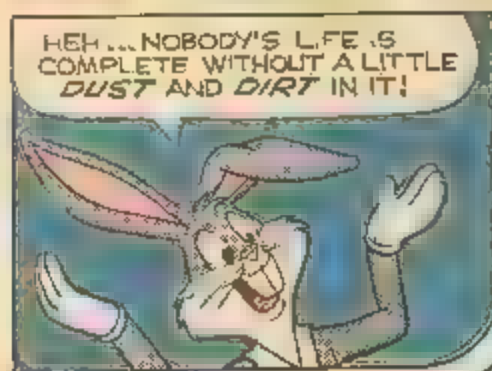




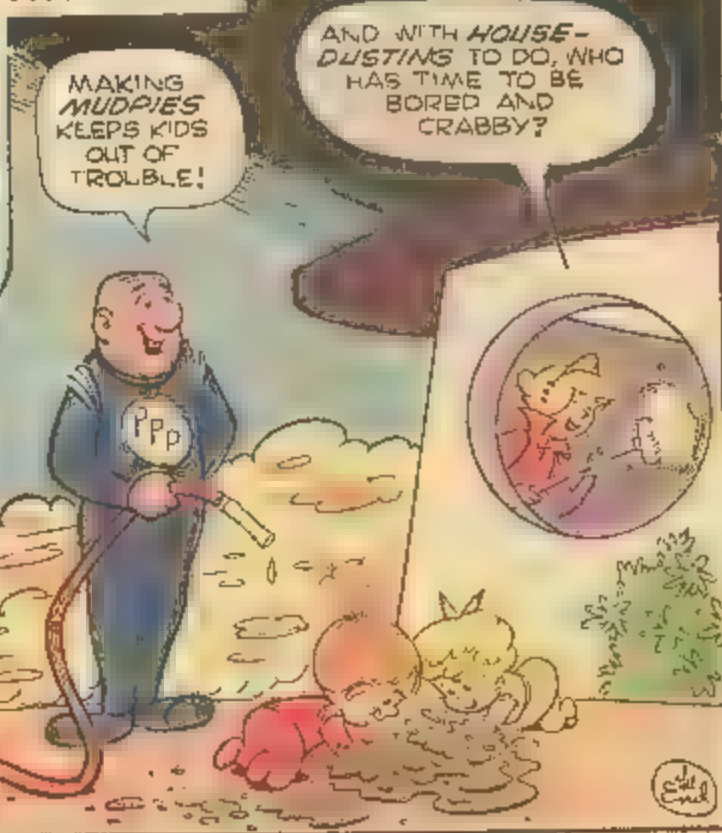
BUT WHILE THE PURO PUBLIC PLANNERS PURSUE BUGS, MR. PURITE CITIZEN RETHINKS EVERYTHING ...



AND SHORTLY...



HOW TRUE ...



# The PERFECT Trap



"Tsk, tsk!" Ollie Owl scolded Henery Hawk one bright day. "May I ask what mischief you are up to now?"

"You may ask, and I may tell you," Henery snickered teasingly. "This is a brand-new chicken trap I've just finished building. I'm going to put it in position close to Farmer Brown's hen yard."

"I might have known it was something like that!" Ollie sighed disapprovingly. "Henery, when are you ever going to learn? Every time you build some contraption like that, you always end up in trouble."

"Not this time," Henery assured Ollie as he struggled to hoist the monstrous boxlike affair onto his wagon. "None of the others worked very well because I didn't take the time to plan them carefully. But this one," he added with pride, "is perfect. Come along and watch how cleverly I hide the trap," he suggested.

Shaking his head with foreboding, Ollie followed Henery down the path to a spot a short distance from the hen yard.

"We've got to be very quiet!" Henery cautioned, placing a warning finger to his lips. "Foghorn Leghorn, that sharp-eyed old rooster, has been keeping a close watch over the hens of late. Once we get set, it won't make any difference. The hens will come to me, instead of me having to chase them."

Henery very carefully placed the trap in the middle of the path and artfully concealed it with bushes and branches. Next, he scattered kernels of corn up and down the length of the path, leaving a trail which led directly to the trap.

"There, isn't that slick?" Henery asked with satisfaction. "Now all I have to do is wait for the hens to come along."

"Humph!" Ollie snorted. "What if there

aren't any hens around today?"

"Oh, there always are a few," Henery insisted airily. "You just wait!"

And wait they did, for ten minutes . . . then a half-hour . . . and then a whole hour. But no chickens came along the path to peck at the bait Henery had left.

"I don't know about you," Ollie finally said with a tired shrug, "but I have better things to do than sit out here behind these bushes all day!"

"Don't go yet," Henery pleaded. "I want to prove to you how perfectly this trap works. Come on, we'll go up the path and spread more corn on the ground closer to the hen yard. Then you'll know how a real chicken catching expert works."

Henery became so engrossed in spreading the corn that he didn't notice that he had backed all the way up to the hen yard.

"Say!" a deep voice suddenly bellowed. "Just what do you think . . . I say . . . what do you think you're up to, as if I need to ask!"

"Lubalubaluba. It's Foghorn Leghorn!" Henery gasped as he dashed off down the path.

BANG. SMASH! WHAM! CLICK! He suddenly ran into a large open box and found himself closed in on four sides by his own trap.

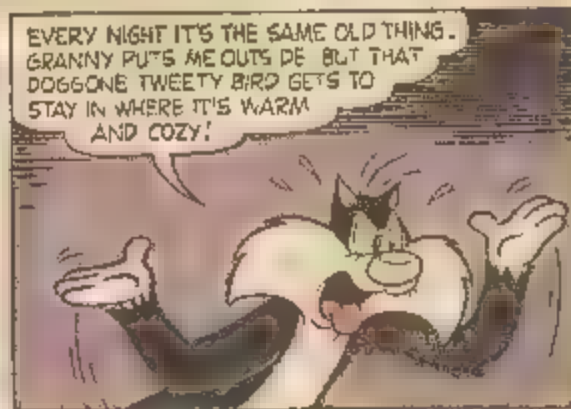
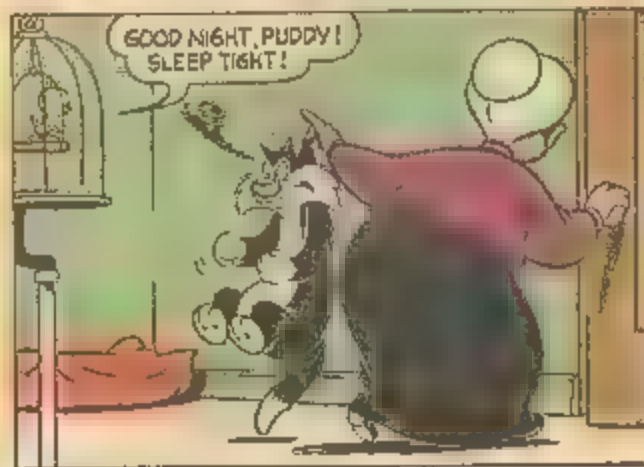
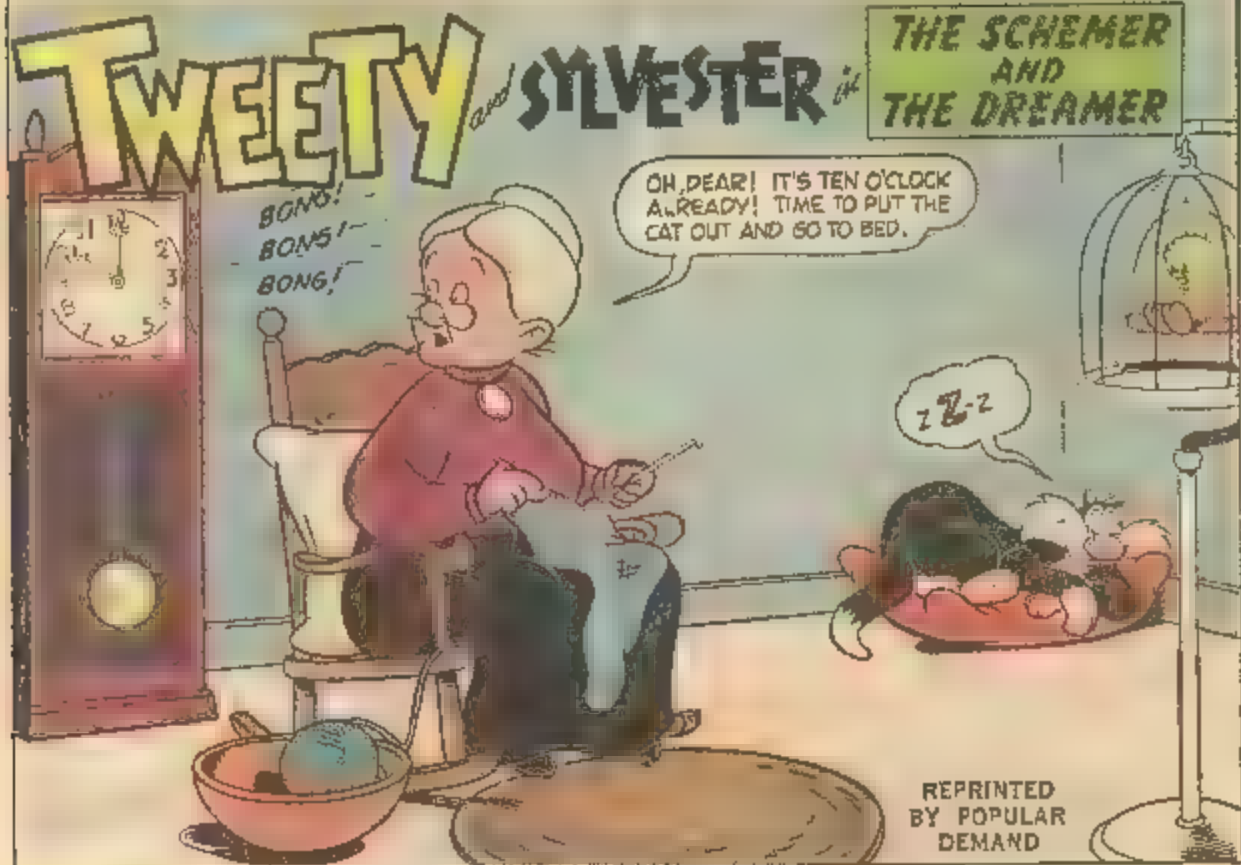
Satisfied that Henery couldn't do any harm for the moment, Foghorn stalked off.

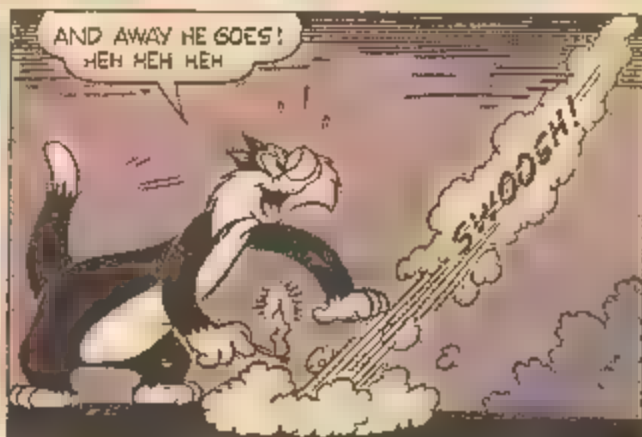
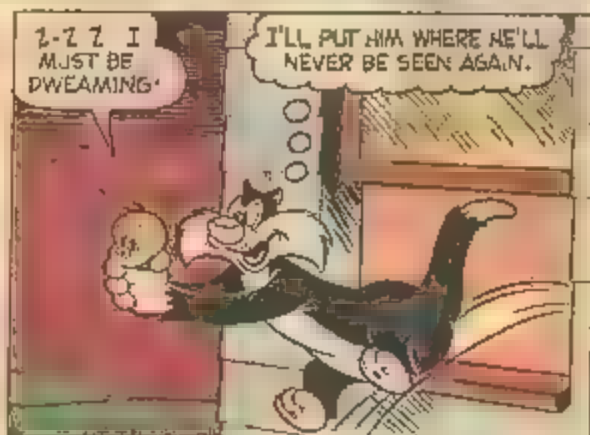
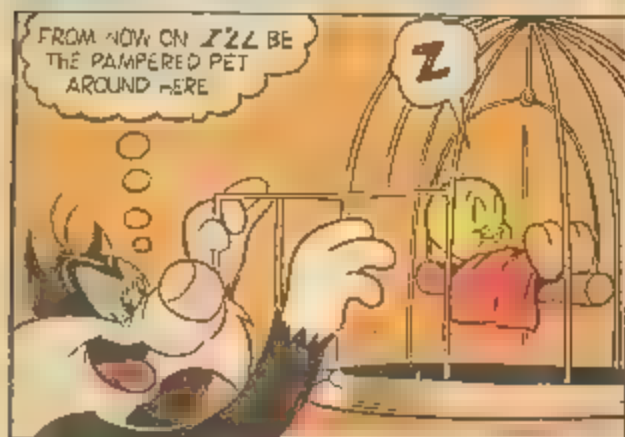
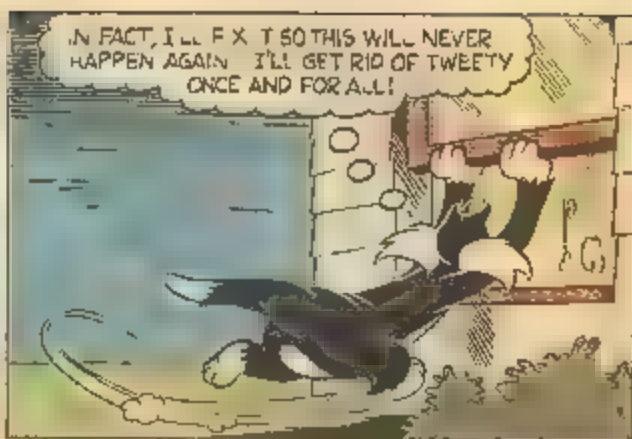
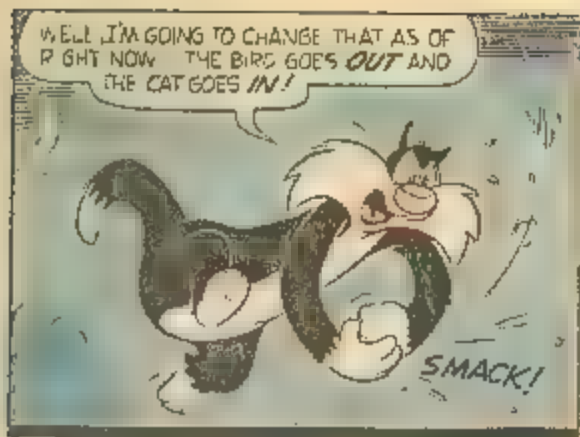
"I told you you'd end up in trouble," Ollie teased Henery from the safety of a nearby tree.

Well, Henery grinned, somewhat abashed, "I'll admit things didn't work out quite the way I figured, but the trap sure works perfectly, doesn't it?"

"It's perfect, all right," Ollie winked slyly. "It's the perfect trap for proving what a perfect fool you are!"









BUT OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T  
QUITE REACH THE MOON

POOM!

GULP! F I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
THIS WAS A  
DREAM I'D  
BE SCARED  
TO DEES!

EBNER  
CONSTRUCTION  
COMPANY

GLUB

WHITE  
PAINT

PAINT

GOSH! NOW I'M DREAMING THAT  
I'M COVERED WITH WHITE PAINT!

WHITE  
PAINT

Y CERTAINLY S WEALISTIC.  
I'D BETTER DREAM THAT I'M  
GOING BACK HOME

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE HOUSE

JUST THINK THAT  
DRATTED TWEETY IS  
ON THE MOON AND  
I'M SAFE AND  
SOUND RIGHT  
HERE

BUT-I CAN'T SLEEP.  
I KEEP WONDERING  
F HE LANDED  
ALL RIGH

THE MOON IS A LONG WAY OFF!  
MAYBE HE HIT TOO HARD AND  
CRASHED!

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE  
DONE IT! A LITTLE GUY  
LIKE TWEETY COULD  
NEVER LIVE THROUGH  
A CRASH ON THE MOON.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE  
THIS IS ALL A DREAM!  
IT ALL SEEMS SO WEAL!

GOSH! IS PUDDY IN MY  
DREAM TOO OR AM I  
WEALLY AWAKE? I  
WILL ASK HIM.

I DOOMED THE POOR  
LITTLE FELLOW. I  
NEVER SHOULD HAVE  
DONE T BANWW

PARLOW HE PUDDY BUT IS  
IS JUST A DREAM OR

HUH?

EEK! IT'S TWEETY'S GHOST!  
HE CAME BACK TO HAUNT ME!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY. I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO DO IT HONEST

BUT, PUDDY I JUST  
WANT YOU TO P NCH  
ME TO SEE IF I'M  
DREAMING!

NO! NO!  
NO! NO!  
HELP!

THAT SETTLES IT! THIS HAS  
GOT TO BE A DREAM! PUDDY  
WOULD NEVER ACT THAT  
AFWAID OF ME IF IT WAS  
FOR WEAL! Z Z-Z-Z-

AWK!

CRASH!



# BUGS BUNNY

WITCHES'  
BREW

REPRINTED  
BY POPULAR  
DEMAND

(SNIFF! SNIFF!)  
WHAT GOES HERE?  
SOMETHING'S  
COOKING AT  
MY HOUSE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS  
POT O' STUFF GOT HERE,  
BUT WHO ASKS QUESTIONS  
AT A TIME LIKE THIS?



SLURP!

STOP!  
DON'T DO  
THAT!

EH?



WHO SAID THAT,  
AND WHERE  
ARE YOU?

I DID, AND  
I'M RIGHT HERE  
IN FRONT OF  
YOU, YOU  
SILLY  
RABBIT!



OH! NOW I'M STARTIN'  
TO SEE BETTER!

THAT'S BECAUSE  
MY BREW ISN'T  
PERFECT YET!













